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1. No subject

The VIOLA ALLEN
Acting Version *of*
THE WINTER'S TALE

We are indebted to SARONY *for the four photographs of Miss Allen reproduced in this edition of* THE WINTER'S TALE

With the compliments
of Dirka Allen
1905.

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of Dirka Allen
1905.

THE VIOLA ALLEN
ACTING VERSION OF

THE WINTER'S TALE

A Play in Four Acts
by

William Shakespeare

This version was arranged by Mr. Frank Vernon & presented by MISS VIOLA ALLEN *& her Company of Players, on the* STAGE *of the* KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE
Decembr 26th
MCMIV

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PRODUCTION NOTES

PRODUCTION NOTES

THE following Acting Version of Shakespeare's play "The Winter's Tale" is portioned off into four acts, the scenes numbering eleven in all. Beneath the heading of each scene there will be found the reference to the corresponding scene or scenes of the original text.

The exigencies of the modern Theatre demand that a representation of any play shall be kept within the bounds of a certain stipulated space of time; it has therefore been found necessary, in order to comply with this custom in the present case, to curtail certain portions of the poet's work. That this should be done with reverence and with due respect for plot, poetical value, and literary merit, the opinions of many eminent Shakespearian scholars both here and in England have, as far as possible, been followed with great advantage to the general result. The sequence of the scenes in this edition is almost identical with that of the first folio of the play, the printing of which took place in the year 1623. *The only transposition of any moment is that of the storm scene on the coast of Bohemia (Act II, Scene III), which here precedes the trial of Hermione in the palace of Leontes. The reason for this transposition is obvious, inasmuch as the end of the latter scene offers a better dramatic climax to the act of which, in thi version, it is made to form a part.*

The prologue-like chorus of Time in the beginning of Act IV has been dispensed with, and Scenes II and III of Act IV, in the original, have been amalgamated, thus forming the first scene of Act III in the Acting Edition.

Until the present production of "The Winter's Tale" it has been the custom to cast the play in the early Greek period, costuming the characters

in the somewhat severe classical draperies of that time. It is hoped, however, that many anachronisms and misunderstandings have now been overcome by placing the action at a much later date.

Picturesque dresses and ornamentations of the Byzantine time have been faithfully copied for use in this representation; by so doing, the many references to the Christian faith and to later-day events have been fully justified. John Ruskin, in his lecture, "Athena Chalinitis," given before the University College, London, in 1869, *states that "even at the close of the last century some of this simplicity (belief in the Greek Mythology) remained among the inhabitants of the Greek islands." It may therefore be safely assumed that the same adherence to the faith in the Olympian gods held sway in Sicily a number of centuries after the Christian religion had taken root in other lands; and that the oracle of Apollo Delphinius would have been just as convincing to the inhabitants of Sicilia between the years* A.D. 300 *and* 400 *as when the Greeks first colonized the island.*

The authority for the style of architecture followed in the production is absolute, the plans for all the buildings having been made from the classical Greek structures of Sicily which, though in a somewhat ruinous condition, are still in existence.

F. V.

NEW YORK, January 12, 1905.

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

[*Produced under the direction of* FRANK VERNON]
Management, CHARLES W. ALLEN

SICILIANS

LEONTES.....Mr. Henry Jewett
MAMILLIUS, his son.....Dagmar DeVere
CAMILLO..... } Lords *of* Sicilia { .....Mr. Frank Vernon
ANTIGONUS..... } Lords *of* Sicilia { ..Mr. James L. Carhart
CLEOMENES..... } Lords *of* Sicilia { .....Mr. Carter Weaver
DION..... } Lords *of* Sicilia { .....Mr. John Junior
ROGERO.....Mr. Leopold Lane
PRIEST.....Mr. Walter Maxwell
FIRST LORD.....Mr. Alfred Hudson, Jr.
SECOND LORD.....Mr. Robert Tate
FIRST COUNCILLOR.....Mr. W. F. Hamernick
SECOND COUNCILLOR.....Mr. Thomas Day
COURT OFFICER.....Mr. H. Leffler
COURT HERALD.....Mr. Charles Langley
OFFICER OF THE GUARD.....Mr. Frank Righton
A STEWARD.....Mr. James L. Carhart
A GAOLER.....Mr. J. Webb Dillon
A MARINER.....Mr. M. L. Bassett
AN ATTENDANT.....Mr. Frank G. Bennett
A MESSENGER.....Mr. J. Webb Dillon
HERMIONE, Queen *to* Leontes..... } Miss Viola Allen
PERDITA, daughter *to* Leontes *and* Hermione } Miss Viola Allen
PAULINA, wife *to* Antigonus.....Miss Zeffie Tilbury
EMILIA.....Miss Louise Jansen
FIRST LADY.....Miss Florence Randolph
SECOND LADY.....Miss Mabel DeVere
A SINGING GIRL.....Miss Daisy DeVere

BOHEMIANS

POLIXENES, King *of* Bohemia.....Mr. Boyd Putnam
FLORIZEL, his son.....Mr. James Young
ARCHIDAMUS, *a* Lord.....Mr. Warner Oland
OLD SHEPHERD, *the* reputed father *of* Perdita.
Mr. C. Leslie Allen
CLOWN, his son.....Mr. Sidney Bracy
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.....Mr. Frank Currier

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A PAGE.....Mr. Maurice Stewart
A BEGGAR.....Mr. F. G. Day
MOPSA..... } Shepherdesses { ..Miss Evelyn Wiedling
DORCAS..... } { ..Miss Phyllis Younge

Priest and Priestesses of Apollo, Lords, Soldiers, Musicians, Dancers, Attendants, Rustics, Shepherds, and Herdsmen

Stage Manager, Mr. Budd Woodthorpe.

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE

SCENE 1—Leontes' Palace, Sicilia.
SCENE 2—Hermione's Apartment.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1—Prison Corridor.
SCENE 2—The Queen's Apartment.
SCENE 3—Desert Shore in Bohemia.
SCENE 4—Hall in Palace of Justice.

(Sixteen years supposed to elapse between Acts Two and Three)

ACT THREE

SCENE 1—A Roadside in Bohemia.
SCENE 2—Near the Shepherd's Cot, Bohemia.

ACT FOUR

SCENE 1—Hermione's Tomb, (within the Gates of Leontes' Palace).
SCENE 2—Cypress Grove near the Palace.
SCENE 3—A Chapel within Paulina's House.

ACT ONE

THE FIRST SCENE

(TEXT—ACT I, SCENES I and II)

[Sicilia. *A Room of State within* LEONTES' *Palace.*]

[*Enter* CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.]

ARCHIDAMUS.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia. We cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAMILLO.

I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him. Sicilia cannot show himself overkind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

ARCHIDAMUS.

I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it.

[*Enter* MAMILLIUS *with Attendants.*]

You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

CAMILLO.

I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

ARCHIDAMUS.

Would they else be content to die?

CAMILLO.

Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ARCHIDAMUS.

If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, LORDS, LADIES *and* ATTENDANTS.]

POLIXENES.

Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you,' many thousands moe
That go before it.

LEONTES.

Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

POLIXENES.

Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence. Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

LEONTES.

We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

POLIXENES.

No longer stay.

LEONTES.

One seven-night longer.

POLIXENES.

Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEONTES.

We'll part the time between's, then: and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

POLIXENES.

Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me.

LEONTES.

Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

HERMIONE.

I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

LEONTES.

Well said, Hermione.

HERMIONE.

To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

POLIXENES.

No, madam.

HERMIONE.

Nay, but you will?

POLIXENES.

I may not, verily.

HERMIONE.

Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
oaths,
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily' 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

POLIXENES.

Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

HERMIONE.

Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

POLIXENES.

We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

HERMIONE.

Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

POLIXENES.

We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: we knew not

The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly 'not guilty;' the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

HERMIONE.

By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

POLIXENES.

O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to's: for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

HERMIONE.

Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;
The offences we have made you do we'll answer.

LEONTES.

Is he won yet?

HERMIONE.

He'll stay, my lord.

LEONTES.

At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

HERMIONE.

Never?

LEONTES.

Never, but once.

HERMIONE.

What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prithee tell me. One good deed dying tongue-
less
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEONTES.

Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'

HERMIONE.

'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

LEONTES.

[*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods,

I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

MAMILLIUS.

Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES.

I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

MAMILLIUS.

Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEONTES.

Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't be?—

POLIXENES.

What means Sicilia?

HERMIONE.

He something seems unsettled.

POLIXENES.

How, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

HERMIONE.

You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my lord?

LEONTES.

No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

POLIXENES.

If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy.

LEONTES.

So stands this squire
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;

Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

HERMIONE.

If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?

LEONTES.

To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.

[*Exeunt* HERMIONE, POLIXENES *and* ATTENDANTS.]

I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play.

[*Exeunt* MAMILLIUS *and* ATTENDANTS.]

There have been,
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none.

[*Enter* CAMILLO.]

What, Camillo there?

CAMILLO.

Ay, my good lord.

LEONTES.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAMILLO.

You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

LEONTES.

Didst note it?

CAMILLO.

He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

LEONTES.

Didst perceive it?
They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing
'Sicilia is a so-forth:' 'tis far gone
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

CAMILLO.

At the good queen's entreaty.

LEONTES.

'Ay, but why?

CAMILLO.

To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEONTES.

Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

CAMILLO.

Beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

LEONTES.

Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that's past doubt, you have,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse: say't and justify't.

CAMILLO.

I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

LEONTES.

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot or foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? Is this nothing?
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO.

Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEONTES.

Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO.

No, no, my lord.

LEONTES.

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee.
Were my wife's liver infected as her life,
She would not live the running of one glass.

CAMILLO.

Who does infect her?

LEONTES.

Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,

His cupbearer,—who mayst see
How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAMILLO.

Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,—

LEONTES.

Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who do I think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

CAMILLO.

I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake.

LEONTES.

Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

CAMILLO.

My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

LEONTES.

This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

CAMILLO.

I'll do't, my lord.

LEONTES.

I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.

[*Exit* LEONTES.]

CAMILLO.

O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that have struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'ld not do't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

[*Re-enter* POLIXENES.]

POLIXENES.

This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

CAMILLO.

Hail, most royal sir!

POLIXENES.

What is the news i' the court?

CAMILLO.

None rare, my lord.

POLIXENES.

The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

CAMILLO.

I dare not know, my lord.

POLIXENES.

How! dare not?

CAMILLO.

There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

POLIXENES.

How! caught of me! I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

CAMILLO.

I may not answer.

POLIXENES.

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me.

CAMILLO.

Sir, I will tell you; therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!

POLIXENES.

On, good Camillo.

CAMILLO.

I am appointed him to murder you.

POLIXENES.

By whom, Camillo?

CAMILLO.

By the king.

POLIXENES.

For what?

CAMILLO.

He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

POLIXENES.

O then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
How should this grow?

CAMILLO.

I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth.

POLIXENES.

I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent. Fear o'ershades me

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

CAMILLO.

It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir away!

[*Exeunt.*]

THE SECOND SCENE

(TEXT—ACT II, SCENE I)

[Sicilia—*The Apartment of Queen* HERMIONE *within* LEONTES' *Palace.*]

[HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, EMILIA *and* LADIES *discovered.*]

HERMIONE.

TAKE the boy to you: he so troubles me.
'Tis past enduring.

FIRST LADY.

Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

MAMILLIUS.

No, I'll none of you.

FIRST LADY.

Why, my sweet lord?

MAMILLIUS.

You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

SECOND LADY.

And why so, my lord?

MAMILLIUS.

Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best.

SECOND LADY.

Who taught you this!

MAMILLIUS.

I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

FIRST LADY.

Blue, my lord.

MAMILLIUS.

Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

EMILIA.

Hark ye; we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.

HERMIONE.

What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

MAMILLIUS.

Merry or sad shall't be?

HERMIONE.

As merry as you will.

MAMILLIUS.

A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

HERMIONE.

Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful
at it.

MAMILLIUS.

There was a man—

HERMIONE.

Nay, come, sit down; then on.

MAMILLIUS.

Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

HERMIONE.

Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

[*Enter* LEONTES *with* ANTIGONUS, LORDS, GUARDS *and others.*]

LEONTES.

Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

FIRST LORD.

Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

LEONTES.

How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

FIRST LORD.

By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

LEONTES.

I know't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

HERMIONE.

What is this? sport?

LEONTES.

Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him!

[*Exeunt* MAMILLIUS *and* ATTENDANT.]

You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
''Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these pretty brands
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she's honest:' but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

HERMIONE.

Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

LEONTES.

You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: I have said
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is a federary
with her;
Ay, and privy to this their late escape.

HERMIONE.

No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.

LEONTES.

No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison!

ANTIGONUS.

You are abused, and by some putter-on!

LEONTES.

He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

HERMIONE.

There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

ANTIGONUS.

Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

FIRST LORD.

For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it.

LEONTES.

Shall I be heard?

HERMIONE.

Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* LADIES *with* GUARDS.]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT TWO

THE FIRST SCENE

[TEXT—ACT II. SCENE I]

[Sicilia—*A Prison.*]

[*Enter* PAULINA *and* ATTENDANTS.]

PAULINA.

THE keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.

[*Exit* ATTENDANT.]

Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

[*Re-enter* ATTENDANT *with the* GAOLER.]

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

GAOLER.

For a worthy lady
And one who much I honour.

PAULINA.

Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

GAOLER.

I may not, madam;
To the contrary I have express commandment.

PAULINA.

Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

GAOLER.

So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAULINA.

I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS.]

GAOLER.

And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

PAULINA.

Well, be't so, prithee.

[*Exit* GAOLER.]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

[*Re-enter* GAOLER *with* EMILIA.]

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

EMILIA.

As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

PAULINA.

A boy?

EMILIA.

A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't; says 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

PAULINA.

Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't to the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child.

EMILIA.

Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

[*Exit* EMILIA.]

GAOLER.

Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

PAULINA.

You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger.

[*Re-enter* EMILIA *with* CHILD.]

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails,
Let't not be doubted I shall do good.

EMILIA.

Now be you blest for it.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE SECOND SCENE

(TEXT—ACT II, SCENE III)

[Sicilia—*Queen* HERMIONE'S *Apartment.*]

[LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS *discovered.*]

LEONTES.

NOR night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being; say that she were
gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.

[*Enter* ATTENDANT.]

Who's there?

ATTENDANT.

My lord?

LEONTES.

How does the boy?

ATTENDANT.

He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

LEONTES.

To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares.

[*Exit* ATTENDANT.]

Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:

They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

[*Exit* LEONTES.]

[*Enter* PAULINA *with a* CHILD.]

FIRST LORD.

You must not enter.

PAULINA.

Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life?

ANTIGONUS.

That's enough.

FIRST LORD.

Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

PAULINA.

I come to bring him sleep.

[*Re-enter* LEONTES.]

LEONTES.

What noise there, ho?

PAULINA.

No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

LEONTES.

How
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,

I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

ANTIGONUS.

I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

LEONTES.

What, canst not rule her?

PAULINA.

From all dishonesty he can: in this
He shall not rule me. Good, my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, I come
From your good queen.

LEONTES.

Good queen!

PAULINA.

Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

LEONTES.

Force her hence.

PAULINA.

Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the* CHILD.]

LEONTES.

This brat is none of mine.

PAULINA.

It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you 'tis the worse.

LEONTES.

Away with her!

PAULINA.

I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone.

[*Exit* PAULINA.]

LEONTES.

Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence.
Swear by this sword thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANTIGONUS.

I will, my lord.

LEONTES.

Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out

Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANTIGONUS.

I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit with the* CHILD.]

LEONTES.

No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

[*Enter* ATTENDANT.]

FIRST LORD.

Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

LEONTES.

'Tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE THIRD SCENE

(TEXT—ACT III, SCENE III)

[Bohemia—*A Desert Country near the Sea.*]

[*Enter* ANTIGONUS *with the* CHILD, *and a* MARINER.]

ANTIGONUS.

THOU art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

MARINER.

Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time.

ANTIGONUS.

Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

MARINER.

Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather.

ANTIGONUS.

Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

[*Exit* MARINER.]

ANTIGONUS.

Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some, another;

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell.
[*Exit* ANTIGONUS.]

[*Enter an old* SHEPHERD.]

SHEPHERD.

I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing of ivy. What have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

CLOWN.

[*Without,* Hilloa, loa!]

SHEPHERD.

What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead, come hither.

[*Enter* CLOWN.]

Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open't. What's within, boy?

CLOWN.

You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEPHERD.

This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE FOURTH SCENE

(TEXT—ACT III, SCENE II)

[Sicilia—*A Court of Justice.*]

[LEONTES, LORDS, OFFICERS *and* COUNCILLORS *discovered.*]

LEONTES.

THIS sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

FIRST COUNCILLOR.

It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

[*Enter* HERMIONE *guarded;* PAULINA *and* LADIES *attending.*]

LEONTES.

Read the indictment.

FIRST COUNCILLOR.

[*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband.

HERMIONE.

Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and

The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty': mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

LEONTES.

I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted

Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

HERMIONE.

That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEONTES.

You will not own it.

HERMIONE.

More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour be required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEONTES.

You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

HERMIONE.

Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

LEONTES.

Your actions are my dreams. As you are past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

HERMIONE.

Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else

But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

LEONTES.

This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* OFFICERS.]

HERMIONE.

The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge.

[*Enter* PRIEST *and* PRIESTESSES *with the* ORACLE *of* DELPHI; *followed by* CLEOMENES *and* DION.]

FIRST COUNCILLOR.

You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in't.

CLEOMENES *and* DION.

All this we swear.

LEONTES.

Break up the seals and read.

FIRST COUNCILLOR.

[*Reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

LORDS.

Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HERMIONE.

Praised!

LEONTES.

Hast thou read truth?

FIRST COUNCILLOR.

Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

LEONTES.

There is no truth at all i' the oracle;
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

[*Enter* FIRST ATTENDANT, *hastily*.]

FIRST ATTENDANT.

My lord the king, the king!

LEONTES.

What is the business?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

LEONTES.

How! gone?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

[HERMIONE *faints.*] Is dead.

LEONTES.

How now!

PAULINA.

This news is mortal to the queen—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead.

LEONTES.

Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THREE

THE FIRST SCENE

(TEXT—ACT IV, SCENES I and II)

[Bohemia—*A Roadside.* CAMILLO, LORDS, *and* HUNTSMEN *discovered.*]

[*Enter to them* POLIXENES.]

POLIXENES.

I PRAY thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate.

CAMILLO.

It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me, which is another spur to my departure.

POLIXENES.

As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son?

CAMILLO.

Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court.

POLIXENES.

I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAMILLO.

I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

POLIXENES.

That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAMILLO.

I willingly obey your command.

POLIXENES.

My best Camillo!

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.]

[*Enter* AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*]

AUTOLYCUS.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison. A prize! A prize!

[*Enter* CLOWN.]

CLOWN.

Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUTOLYCUS.

If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

CLOWN.

I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers.

AUTOLYCUS.

O that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*]

CLOWN.

I' the name of me—

AUTOLYCUS.

O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

CLOWN.

Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUTOLYCUS.

I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

CLOWN.

Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

AUTOLYCUS.

O, good sir, tenderly, O!

CLOWN.

Alas, poor soul!

AUTOLYCUS.

O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

CLOWN.

How now! canst stand?

AUTOLYCUS.

Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

CLOWN.

Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

AUTOLYCUS.

No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have

money, or anything I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

CLOWN.

What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

AUTOLYCUS.

A fellow, sir: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court. I know this man well; having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

CLOWN.

Out upon him! he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

AUTOLYCUS.

Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

CLOWN.

Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'ld have run.

AUTOLYCUS.

I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

CLOWN.

How do you now?

AUTOLYCUS.

Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

CLOWN.

Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUTOLYCUS.

No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

CLOWN.

Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

AUTOLYCUS.

Prosper you, sweet sir!

[*Exit* CLOWN.]

Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

THE SECOND SCENE

(TEXT—ACT IV, SCENE IV)

[Bohemia—*Near the* SHEPHERD'S *Cot.*]

[*Enter* PERDITA, *followed by* PRINCE FLORIZEL.]

FLORIZEL.

THESE your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PERDITA.

Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up.

FLORIZEL.

I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

PERDITA.

Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

FLORIZEL.

Apprehend
Nothing but jollity.

PERDITA.

O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

FLORIZEL.

Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

PERDITA.

O, lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

FLORIZEL.

See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

[*Enter* SHEPHERD *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *disguised;* CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and other* SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES.]

SHEPHERD.

Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on.

PERDITA.

[*To* POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.
[*To* CAMILLO.] You're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

POLIXENES.

Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

PERDITA.

[*To* CAMILLO.] Here's flowers for you;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun

And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

CAMILLO.

I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

PERDITA.

Out, alas!
You'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours.
O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLORIZEL.

What, like a corse?

PERDITA.

No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,

But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

FLORIZEL.

What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.

PERDITA.

O Doricles,
Your praises are too large!

FLORIZEL.

I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

PERDITA.

I'll swear for 'em.

POLIXENES.

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

CAMILLO.

He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

CLOWN.

Come on, strike up!

DORCAS.

Mopsa must be your mistress.

MOPSA.

Now, in good time!

CLOWN.

Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up!

[*Here a dance of* SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPERDESSES, *after which exeunt all save* POLIXENES, CAMILLO, *and the old* SHEPHERD.]

POLIXENES.

Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

SHEPHERD.

They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best. If young Doricles

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

[*Enter* MOPSA *and* CLOWN.]

MOPSA.

O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money.

CLOWN.

He could never come better; I love a ballad but even too well. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing.

[*Enter* AUTOLYCUS, *singing, followed by* DORCAS, SHEPHERDS, *and* SHEPHERDESSES.]

AUTOLYCUS.

Come;
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lassies cry
Come buy.

CLOWN.

If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

MOPSA.

I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

DORCAS.

He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

MOPSA.

He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

CLOWN.

Is there no manners left among maids?

MOPSA.

I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

CLOWN.

Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

AUTOLYCUS.

And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

CLOWN.

Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here. What hast here? ballads?

MOPSA.

Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

AUTOLYCUS.

Here's one to a very doleful tune.

MOPSA.

Pray you now, buy it.

CLOWN.

Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon. Lay it by too: another.

AUTOLYCUS.

This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

MOPSA.

Let's have some merry ones.

AUTOLYCUS.

Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man.'

DORCAS.

We had the tune on't a month ago.

CLOWN.

We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exeunt* CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*]

[*Re-enter* PERDITA *and* FLORIZEL.]

AUTOLYCUS.

And you shall pay well for 'em.
[*Exit singing.*]

POLIXENES.

[*To* CAMILLO.]
Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.
He's simple and tells much.
[*To* FLORIZEL.] How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks: you have let him go
And nothing marted with him.

FLORIZEL.

Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved!

POLIXENES.

What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

FLORIZEL.

Do, and be witness to't.

POLIXENES.

And this my neighbour too?

FLORIZEL.

And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love.

SHEPHERD.

But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

PERDITA.

I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
The purity of his.

SHEPHERD.

Take hands, a bargain!

FLORIZEL.

Come on, contract us 'fore these witnesses.

POLIXENES.

Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

FLORIZEL.

I have: but what of him?

POLIXENES.

Knows he of this?

FLORIZEL.

He neither does nor shall.

POLIXENES.

Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Let him know't.

FLORIZEL.

He shall not.

POLIXENES.

Prithee, let him.

FLORIZEL.

No, he must not.

SHEPHERD.

Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

FLORIZEL.

Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

POLIXENES.

Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself*]
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—

SHEPHERD.

O, my heart!

POLIXENES.

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Follow us to the court. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't.

[*Exit* POLIXENES.]

PERDITA.

Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

CAMILLO.

Why, how now, father?
Speak ere thou diest.

SHEPHERD.

I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire.

[*Exit old* SHEPHERD.]

FLORIZEL.

Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am.

PERDITA.

How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

FLORIZEL.

Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

CAMILLO.

Be advised.

FLORIZEL.

I am, and by my fancy.

CAMILLO.

This is desperate, sir.

FLORIZEL.

So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, will I break oath
To this my fair beloved.
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

CAMILLO.

O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

FLORIZEL.

Hark, Perdita.

[*To* CAMILLO.]

I'll hear you by and by.

[*Exeunt* PERDITA *and* FLORIZEL.]

CAMILLO.

He's irremoveable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

[*Re-enter* PERDITA *and* FLORIZEL.]

FLORIZEL.

Now, good Camillo.

CAMILLO.

Have you thought on a place whereto you'll go?

FLORIZEL.

Not any yet.

CAMILLO.

Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes.
Methinks I see him
Opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person.

FLORIZEL.

Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

CAMILLO.

Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts.

FLORIZEL.

I am bound to you. Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

CAMILLO.

My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.

[*They retire as* AUTOLYCUS *enters.*]

AUTOLYCUS.

Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA *come forward.*]

CAMILLO.

Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt and
Satisfy your father.

PERDITA.

Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

CAMILLO.

Who have we here? [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.]
We'll make an instrument of this.

AUTOLYCUS.

If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

CAMILLO.

How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUTOLYCUS.

I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAMILLO.

Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—and change garments with this gentleman.

AUTOLYCUS.

I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside.*] I know ye well enough.

CAMILLO.

Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

AUTOLYCUS.

Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside.*] I smell the trick on't.

FLORIZEL.

Dispatch, I prithee.

AUTOLYCUS.

Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

CAMILLO.

Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL *and* AUTOLYCUS.]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—Take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

PERDITA.

I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

[*Exit* PERDITA.]

CAMILLO.

No remedy.
What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing. Have you done there?

[*Re-enter* PERDITA *and* FLORIZEL.]

FLORIZEL.

Should I now meet my father, he would not call
me son.

CAMILLO.

Nay, you shall have no hat.
Come, lady, come.

[SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES *pass across the scene singing an evening song.*]

FLORIZEL.

O Perdita!
Fortune speed us! Camillo, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. I am put to sea
With her whom I cannot hold on shore.
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAMILLO.

The swifter speed the better.

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT FOUR

THE FIRST SCENE

(TEXT—ACT V, SCENE I)

[Sicilia—*Before the Tomb of* QUEEN HERMIONE, *within the Gates of* LEONTES' *Palace.*]

[LEONTES, PAULINA, CLEOMENES, DION, *and* LORDS *discovered.*]

CLEOMENES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES.

Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

PAULINA.

True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

LEONTES.

I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good
now,

Say so but seldom. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

PAULINA.

And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

LEONTES.

Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAULINA.

Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

LEONTES.

Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

PAULINA.

Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

CLEOMENES.

You tempt him over-much.

PAULINA.

Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

CLEOMENES.

Good madam!

PAULINA.

I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

LEONTES.

My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

[*Enter* FIRST ATTENDANT.]

FIRST ATTENDANT.

One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

LEONTES.

What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

But few,
And those but mean.

LEONTES.

His princess, say you, with him?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

LEONTES.

Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, LORDS, *and* GENTLEMEN.]
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

PAULINA.

Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEONTES.

Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

[*Re-enter* CLEOMENES *with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.]

Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost,
All mine own folly, the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

FLORIZEL.

By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king
Can send his brother; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

LEONTES.

Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth.

[*Enter* FIRST LORD.]

FIRST LORD.

Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEONTES.

Where's Bohemia? speak.

FIRST LORD.

Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

FLORIZEL.

Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

FIRST LORD.

Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

LEONTES.

Who? Camillo?

PERDITA.

The heaven set spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

LEONTES.

You are married?

FLORIZEL.

We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.

LEONTES.

My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

FLORIZEL.

She is,
When once she is my wife.

LEONTES.

That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly.

FLORIZEL.

Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

LEONTES.

Would he do so, I'ld beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

PAULINA.

Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

LEONTES.

I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To* FLORIZEL.] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them and you: come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE SECOND SCENE

(TEXT—ACT V, SCENE II)

[*A Grove before* LEONTES' *Palace.* ROGERO *discovered, enter to him* FIRST ATTENDANT.]

FIRST ATTENDANT.

THE news, Rogero?

ROGERO.

Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.

[*Enter* PAULINA'S STEWARD.]

How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

STEWARD.

Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: there is such a unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

ROGERO.

No.

STEWARD.

Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of.

FIRST ATTENDANT.

Are they returned to the court?

STEWARD.

No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece of many years in doing and now newly performed by a rare master, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone.

ROGERO.

I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

Ay, let's along.

[*Exeunt* ROGERO, FIRST ATTENDANT, *and* STEWARD, *passing by* AUTOLYCUS, *who enters.*]

AUTOLYCUS.

Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mys-

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tery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

[*Enter* SHEPHERD *and* CLOWN.]

SHEPHERD.

Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLOWN.

You are well met, sir. [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.] You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentleman born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUTOLYCUS.

I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

CLOWN.

Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

SHEPHERD.

And so have I, boy.

CLOWN.

So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince

my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

SHEPHERD.

We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLOWN.

Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

AUTOLYCUS.

I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

SHEPHERD.

Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLOWN.

Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS.

Ay, an it like your good worship.

CLOWN.

Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEPHERD.

You may say it, but not swear it.

CLOWN.

Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

SHEPHERD.

How if it be false, son?

CLOWN.

If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE THIRD SCENE

(TEXT—ACT V, SCENE III)

[*A Chapel near to* PAULINA'S *House. Enter* PAULINA, *followed by* LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, LORDS, *and* ATTENDANTS.]

LEONTES.

O GRAVE and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

PAULINA.

What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

LEONTES.

O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAULINA.

As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon

Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[PAULINA *withdraws a curtain, and discovers* HERMIONE *standing like a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

LEONTES.

Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
O royal piece, there's magic in thy majesty!

PAULINA.

Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I'ld not have show'd it.

LEONTES.

Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA.

No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

LEONTES.

Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,

Would you not deem it breathed? and that those
veins
Did verily bear blood?

POLIXENES.

Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

PAULINA.

I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

LEONTES.

Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

PAULINA.

Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

LEONTES.

No, not these twenty years.

PAULINA.

Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand.

LEONTES.

What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

PAULINA.

It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES.

Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

PAULINA.

Music, awake her; strike!
[*Distant music is heard.*]
I'll fill your grave up; stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. 'Tis time; descend;
Be stone no more!
[HERMIONE *slowly descends from the pedestal.*]
Do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double.

LEONTES.

O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

CAMILLO.

She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

POLIXENES.

Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

PAULINA.

Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting* PERDITA, *who kneels to* HERMIONE.]

HERMIONE.

You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.
All yet seems well if it ends so meet.
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

END OF THE PLAY.

JUL 2 - 1934